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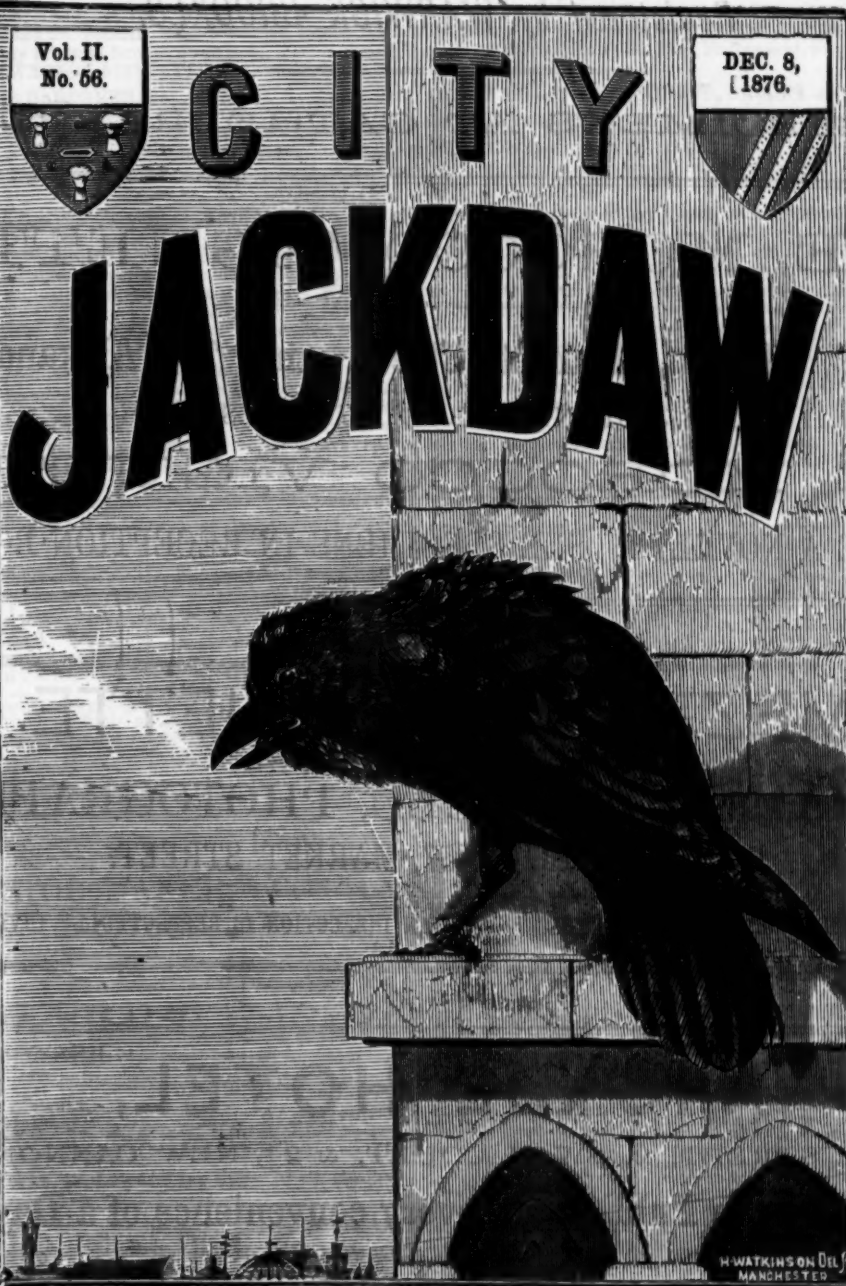
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**THE STOCK EXCHANGE LUNCHEON BAR.**

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ESTABLISHED SEVENTY-NINE YEARS.

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**OCULIST AND OPTICIAN,**

2, KING STREET, & DEANSGATE (opposite the Star Hotel), MANCHESTER.

A Large Stock of Magic Lanterns and Slides. Opera, Race, Field, and Marine Glasses in Great Variety. Spectacles and Artificial Eyes accurately adapted.

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CLOCKMAKER TO HER MAJESTY'S BOARD OF WORKS.

Gold Guards, Alberts, Rings, Brooches, Earrings, Lockets, &c. Silver and Electro-Silver.

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THE CITY JACKDAW.

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*Registered by WARWICK BROOKES.*

SEE SPECIMENS AT CATHEDRAL STEPS.

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R. BANKS, of 73a, Market Street, and 73, Alexandra Road,  
HAS JUST INTRODUCED INTO HIS STUDIO

## THE MOROCCO VIGNETTE,

QUITE A NOVELTY. SEE SPECIMENS IN RECEPTION ROOM.

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Now Open to the Public with every convenience of a Day Hotel.

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Cold Meats, Chops, Steaks, &c., at any hour. Wines, Spirits, Ales, Stouts, Cigars, &c., of the Best Quality.

N.B.—A large and commodious SMOKE ROOM, fitted up with every convenience.

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Extract from the Kilkenny Journal.—There is a field for profit in this country perhaps unsurpassed in any just now—that is distillation, from the fact that the production of whiskey is confined to a few houses, twenty-two only, that an extraordinary demand exists, which these are scarcely able to supply. There is not a distillery in Ireland now that does not net at least fifty per cent on its outlay, and on an average it is certain seventy-five, whilst many of the favourite makes, working extensively, clear close on cent per cent.

## THE TYRONE DISTILLERY COMPANY LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Limited Liability Acts.

CAPITAL, £25,000, in 5,000 shares of £5 each; £1 per share payable on application, £2 on allotment, and the remainder in calls not exceeding £1 per share at intervals of not less than two months.

**DIRECTORS.**—COLIN MATHER, Esq., Willow Bank, Broughton (Messrs. Mather and Platt), Engineer; Mr. Counsellor DAWSON, Rosslyn Villa, Broughton; WILLIAM SHARP, Esq., Brookside House, Timperley (Sharp and Galloway), Sugar Refiner; THOMAS SOUTHERN, Esq., Poynton, Cheshire (Thomas Southern and Son), Manufacturing Chemist; JOSHUA DANIEL, Esq., Macclesfield, Proprietor of the Macclesfield Advertiser; LAWRENCE FITZPATRICK, Esq., 18, Kildare-street, Dublin, Distiller.

**SOLICITOR.**—JAMES GARDENER, Esq., 52, Brown-st., Manchester. **BANKERS.**—Messrs. CUNLIFFE, BROOKS, & CO., King-st., Manchester.

**AUDITOR.**—WILLIAM WHITAKER, Esq., 1, Chancery Lane, Manchester, Public Accountant. **SECRETARY pro tem.**—Mr. THOS. ROBERTS. Temporary Offices, 78, Royal Exchange, Manchester (South Corridor).

## ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This company is formed for the purpose of purchasing the lease and distilling plant of a distillery situated at Ballygawley, in the county of Tyrone, and for working the same in the manufacture of Irish whiskey, more particularly patent still whiskey. The distillery is built on the four sides of an irregular parallelogram, comprising altogether an area of about one acre. The buildings consist of still-house, mill, drying-kiln, boiler-house, malt-house, grain-store, spirit-store, cooperage, and offices, and contains all the requisite machinery and appliances for grinding, malting, and distilling 1,000 gallons per week of Irish malt whiskey of the best quality. With the expenditure of £500 in the erection of the patent still on the premises, and a further sum of £1,000 in auxiliary vessels, the distillery will be capable of producing 5,000 gallons per week, which can be disposed of by the company to large dealers by contract or otherwise, and will thus ensure a rapid turn over of capital. A rapid stream of water washes one side of the distillery, affording abundant water power and supply for refrigerating, condensing, and cleaning purposes, and distilling can be commenced forthwith on the company taking possession of the property. The main point to which the attention of the company will be turned will be to the production of patent still whiskey, for which there is a great and ready demand throughout this country and the colonies, owing to its low price, which at all times will ensure a ready sale in the market. The whiskey produced at this distillery has a reputation in the North of Ireland of over thirty years' standing, and the company will therefore to a great extent avoid the expense and delay of making a connection and establishing a name. The smallness of the expenditure on account of plant in proportion to the productive capacity is a very favourable feature in this undertaking. The articles of association can be seen, and prospectuses, with forms of applications for shares, obtained from the offices of the company, 78, South Corridor, Royal Exchange, Manchester.

## CHRISTMAS FRUIT!

We are prepared to offer a large stock of American Apples, Baldwins, Greenings, and choice selected Newtown Pippins, for family use and presents. Apply,  
**EDWARD FARLAND & CO.**  
46, SWAN STREET.

## OYSTERS! OYSTERS! OYSTERS!

Large arrival of DUTCH NATIVES twice a week. Also their far-famed FLEETWOOD OYSTERS for cooking or eating. Hotels, restaurants, and families supplied, from 1s. 8d. per score. Large AMERICAN OYSTERS always on hand. Note the address—

**KENNEDY, LITTLE, & CO.,**  
8, VICTORIA MARKET, MANCHESTER.

**T. STENSBY,**  
**GUN & PISTOL MAKER,**  
11, HANGING DITCH.  
ESTABLISHED 1810.

## BILLIARDS.

**JOHN O'BRIEN,**

The only practical Billiard Table Manufacturer in Manchester, respectfully invites INSPECTION OF HIS STOCK OF BILLIARD TABLES, which is now the largest and most superb in the kingdom, all made under his own personal inspection. Sole Maker of the IMPROVED FAST CUSHION, that will never become hard.

**Globe Billiard Works, 42, Lower King St.**

**TYROLEAN MUSICAL BOX, 2s.** Eight tunes, post-free, 37 stamps; size, 7½ by 2½ inches. The eight tunes may be selected from the following—Hold the fort; Sun of my soul; Thy will be done; Safe in the arms of Jesus; Ring the bell, watchman; Last rose of summer; Meet me in the lane, love; Watching for pa; Madame Angot; Danube waltz; Legend Madame Angot; Irish jig; Mousetrap man; Tommy, make room for your uncle; Oh my, be for shame; Perhaps she's on the highway; Run 'em in; Hoops. Agents will find this marvellous Centennial novelty sell well, and afford delighted customers unbounded satisfaction. A sample instrument, free by parcel-post, 37 stamps. **M. HOLT, 2, Bude Place, Tower Road, Aston, Birmingham.**

Established Twenty-two Years—Under New Management.  
283, OXFORD ROAD, opposite Owens College.

**F. RAWCLIFFE** (late William Marshall),  
GENERAL & FURNISHING IRONMONGER,  
AUTHORISED GASFITTER, LOCKSMITH, BELLHANGER.  
Efficient workmen always ready.  
REPAIRS OF ALL KINDS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.  
A trial solicited.

## HATS. HATS. HATS.

FOR STYLE AND ECONOMY,  
**GO TO WHILES'S,**  
248, ROCHDALE ROAD.

**EARDLEY, HAT MANUFACTURER,**  
23, Bridge-street, and 217, Stretford Road.  
**SILK AND FELT HATS,**  
Newest shapes and best value.  
IMPORTER OF FRENCH FELTS.  
Works—23, Bridge-street.

## C. HALL,

**Cigar Manufacturer and Importer,**

**C** Office—44, BRIDGE STREET. **C**  
**I** C. H. is now manufacturing a speciality for **I**  
**G** Christmas presentation, and will be glad to see **G**  
**A** all his customers on the 22nd December, when **A**  
**S** he will have great pleasure in presenting each **S**  
with a box of the above.

**W. HODGSON,**  
**THE PEOPLE'S BUTCHER,**  
117, STRETFORD ROAD,  
Next to Trinity Church,  
Having tried the credit system for twenty years, purposed to sell for cash at the following prices:—

BEEF.		MUTTON.	
Round, Ribs, and		Legs and Loins	9d.
Shoulders	8d.	Shoulders	8d.
Top Ribs	8d.	Necks	7d.
Neck Veins	8d.	Breasts	8d.

## WINDOW TABLETS.

**CLOTH BANNERS, with PAPER LETTERS,**  
any size, for showrooms, &c.  
Address—6, King Street, Patricroft; and 90, Shoe Lane, Fleet-street, London, E.C.

NORTH OF ENGLAND  
Co-operative Printing Society

**LIMITED,**  
OFFICE: 17, BALLOON STREET,  
CORPORATION STREET.  
Works: New Mount Street, Manchester; and 40, Highbridge, Newcastle.  
**PRINTERS, STATIONERS, BOOKBINDERS,**  
Machine Rulers, Account-book Manufacturers  
LITHOGRAPHERS, ENGRAVERS, ETC.

The above firm have special facilities for the execution of all orders in Bookwork, Pamphlets, Catalogues, and all kinds of Commercial Printing.

**JOHN HARDMAN, Manager.**

**E**ASE, Comfort, Cleanliness, Adaptation to Form of Body, Noiselessness, and Economy are all attained to perfection in the

**"EXCELSIOR" PATENT SPRING MATTRESS,**  
Which is confidently recommended as the best Spring Mattress before the public. It is made to fit any size of wood or iron bedstead, and constitutes a wonderfully elastic and comfortable bed, perfectly noiseless in all its movements; it is extremely simple, and does not get out of order, nor does it corrode; is very durable, and combines great strength with lightness and elegance; is easily repaired by any person, articles needed can be sent through the post. The principle of construction prevents depression in the centre, and insures complete isolation where two occupy a bed. Only a thin hair mattress being necessary, feather beds, cumbersome straw and flock palliasses are dispensed with; cost of bedding is much reduced, and bed-making becomes far less laborious; sweetness and purity—conditions so essential to health—result from the change. From a sanitary point of view its advantages are obvious and undeniable, and have led to its being largely used in infirmaries, hospitals, and asylums. Made as a camp bed it is peculiarly applicable for use as an additional bed in sick rooms, instead of a couch during convalescence, and as an occasional bed for visitors; the legs being folded under and the head-board removed, it takes up little room when stowed away. Circulars and price lists sent. Retail from cabinet makers and furnisiers; wholesale from

**CHARLTON & DUGDALE,**  
75, HIGHER ORMOND STREET, MANCHESTER.



**W. BATTY & SON,**  
**High-class Watch Manufacturers, Goldsmiths and Silversmiths, &c.,**  
 9, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.

SPECIALITIES IN GEM BRETROTHAL RINGS. SPECIALITIES IN WEDDING AND ANNIVERSARY PRESENTS.

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**OPTICIANS TO THE ROYAL EYE HOSPITAL,**  
 88 & 90, DEANS\_GATE, MANCHESTER.

**PEACE AND REFORM.**

**THE NATIONAL REFORM UNION**

WILL HOLD A

**PUBLIC MEETING**

IN THE FREE-TRADE HALL, ON WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 13.

CHAIR TO BE TAKEN AT HALF-PAST SEVEN BY JACOB BRIGHT, ESQ., M.P.

THE FOLLOWING GENTLEMEN, WITH OTHERS, ARE EXPECTED TO BE PRESENT:—

Sir THOMAS BAZLEY, M.P.; E. JENKINS, Esq., M.P.; C. H. HOPWOOD, Esq., M.P.; PETER RYLANDS, Esq., M.P.; T. B. POTTER, Esq., M.P.; A. J. MUNDELLA, Esq., M.P.; B. WHITWORTH, Esq., M.P.; G. W. LATHAM, Esq.; ALFRED ILLINGWORTH, Esq.; JOHN SLAGG, Esq.; J. B. TORR, Esq., Q.C.; JOHN MORLEY, Esq., M.A.; W. S. CAINE Esq.; JOSEPH ARCH. Other names will be announced in future advertisements.

Admission by tickets only, to be had at the offices of the Union, 41, King-street; and at the various Liberal Clubs of Manchester, Salford, and the district on Saturday.—By order,  
 ARTHUR G. SYMONDS, Secretary.

**LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.**

**SLEEPING CARRIAGES.**

**LONDON AND MANCHESTER.**

Sleeping carriages are attached to the 9 15 p.m. train Euston to Manchester, and the 10 55 p.m. Manchester to Euston; and berths in them can be secured in advance by letter or telegram, addressed to Mr. Rich, Station Master, Euston, for the down journey, and Mr. Mason, Station Master, London Road, for the up journey.

Gentlemen using the above can, on taking their places in the train, tell the guard at what time in the morning they wish to be called.

Lavatories are provided at Euston and London Road Stations.

Breakfasts can be obtained in the dining-room on the departure platform, Euston, after 8 30 a.m., and at any previous time after 4 30 a.m., at the refreshment-bar in the hall. At Manchester, breakfast can be obtained in the refreshment-room at any time after 7 30 a.m.

Chief Traffic Manager's Office, Euston Station, November, 1876.

**G. FINDLAY.**

# THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. II.—No. 56.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1876.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## REPORTING A GREAT SPEECH.

FEW who read with delight the full reports which appeared in the Manchester papers on Tuesday morning of the address which Mr. Bright delivered to his constituents at Birmingham, on the previous evening, ever cast a thought upon the processes by which the magnificent oration was set before them in four or five columns of clear type, and delivered to them at the early breakfast-table. Yet these processes, when analysed and understood, form as remarkable an instance of the wonderful results obtained by a division of labour as the story of pin-making, which was the marvel of our schoolboy days. Everybody knows that the words of a great speaker are taken down as he utters them in mysterious hieroglyphics known as shorthand; but we occasionally find a belief amongst the uninitiated that these shorthand "notes," as they are called, are at once handed over to the printer, by him put through a kind of mill called a "press," and so, by some occult chemical or mechanical process, produced in the complete and intelligible form in which we read them in the newspapers. In point of fact, the reporter's notes are as unintelligible to the printer, or compositor, as they are to the general reader, and require to be extended in as fair, plain, and full a manuscript as one would use in writing to a friend. It sometimes even happens that a reporter's notes are altogether or almost illegible to himself, and then woe betide him! But even the best note-takers find transcription for the press a tedious and anxious labour, requiring great painstaking and considerable concentration of thought. It will thus be obvious that reporting a great speech like that of Mr. Bright, at Birmingham, on Monday night, for a morning paper is beset with the initial difficulty, that it cannot be done in time by one or two men, and this is always a considerable disadvantage. The difficulty is increased in the case of the Manchester newspapers, which in order to beat their Scotch rivals on their own ground in Hawick and Dumfries, and all along the border, and reach Edinburgh and Glasgow for delivery at half-past eight in the morning, require to go to press in time to catch a train for the North, which leaves Victoria at an abnormally early hour, before the night roysterers who have the entree to a club have yet reeled home to bed.

When an orator like Mr. Bright is speaking at Birmingham, there may be seen seated on both sides of long tables immediately before him rows of busy gentlemen, who are preparing his speech for the press. Through the product of their united work, and the use of the telegraph, the able editor in London or in Manchester is enabled to compose the exordium of his leader before the speaker has pronounced his peroration. The ordinary method of reporting a speech which requires to be telegraphed is this. A staff of half a dozen competent reporters unite and take the speech in "five minute turns," or "takes," that is to say, they divide the speech into portions of five minutes each—or where special despatch is required, as in the case of the Manchester message on Monday night, into portions of two and a half minutes each. By this division of labour the whole staff is brought into action within a few minutes after a speaker has got on his legs, and the telegraph clerks, who have been waiting for copy, also get an early start. A staff of six, unless the reporters are men of exceptionally swift writers, or the speaker is unusually slow, is necessary in working this "round" system, as twenty-five minutes are necessary for the extension of the shorthand notes taken from an average speaker. If any of our readers would like to test this proposition let him write as rapidly as he can from dictation for twenty-five minutes, and then read over his manuscript aloud and deliberately, and note the time

he takes to do so. While the reporters are transcribing their "copy" it is collected and despatched by a service of telegraph boys, who are waiting. When it reaches the telegraph office, it having first of all been ascertained that the manuscript is correctly numbered, it is handed over to a puncher, who sits before a little instrument like a sewing machine, and as a long narrow strip of paper passes through a slot, he plays upon some stops before him like an amateur who is vigorously thumping a piano. The ribbon of paper, after it has passed through the machine, is found marked all over with little dots and strokes of differing sizes, and in various combinations, which are the hieroglyphics of electricity. The perforated ribbon is next applied to another instrument, through which it passes to the electric wire, and thence is flashed from Birmingham, through the Black country or the Potteries, by Macclesfield or Crewe, on in the dead of night through silent Cheshire, and delivered instantaneously at York Street in Manchester. A ribbon placed on the instrument at the Manchester end to receive the message begins to reel off—dotted, punched, and perforated with marks exactly corresponding to those which pass under the eye of the transmitter at Birmingham. The process is a mysterious one, which defies explanation by the most skilled engineer who uses it. But there it is, a natural force, in itself incomprehensible, but subdued and regulated by man to the finest issues, so that a manuscript may be transferred from one end of a wire to another a hundred miles distance without the turning of a comma or the elision of a letter. In York Street the ribbon is cut up into sections—the dots and dashes are translated into caligraphy in a good roman hand by a staff of ready writers, and the "copy" thus produced rapidly finds its way into the hands of the printers in Pall Mall, Cross Street, or Red Lion Court. A just compliment has been paid to Mr. Herbert—a telegraphic specialist who received his training in Manchester under the old Electric and International, and is now superintendent of the Birmingham office—for the admirable arrangements he made for transmitting Mr. Bright's speech to Manchester on Monday evening. An equal acknowledgment is due to his old colleague, Mr. Hall, under whose able charge the Manchester office has obtained a unique reputation for efficiency and promptitude of despatch. By their united efforts, and the assiduous and skilful workmanship of the clever operators under their charge, we are assured that the entire message, which occupied five columns of the *Manchester Examiner* on Tuesday morning, was delivered at the office of that newspaper a few minutes after eleven o'clock—not more than an hour after the meeting at Birmingham broke up. When we consider that in the three hours between eight o'clock, when Mr. Bright got fairly under weigh with his speech, and eleven, when its last sentences got into the printers' hands in Manchester, that speech had twice been put into hieroglyphics, and had been twice translated and transcribed, no amount of familiarity with feats of reporting and telegraphing can repress our gratified admiration of the result. It should be added that the speed with which the message was transmitted was equalled by its accuracy. Yet we are assured that the earliest visitor to one of the Manchester newspaper offices was a gentleman who went to stop his paper because an obvious though unfortunate misprint had crept into the early copy which had enabled him to beguile his morning hours with pleasure and profit.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.—"Ground Flowers and Fern Leaves," by A. S. K. (Ratcliffe and Co., printers, 8, York Street, Manchester.) This is a most admirable collection of poems, some of which are of rare beauty. Many subjects of local interest are dealt with. Who is the author, may we A. S. K.?—New and Improved National Atlas. (John Heywood, Deansgate.) This is one of the best and cheapest atlases ever published. At the price of threepence, thirty-two well-executed maps are supplied. The work will be found invaluable for students.

TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN, by aid of NITROUS OXIDE or LAUGHING GAS, warranted perfectly harmless, by S. J. JORDAIN, Dentist, 53, Piccadilly (opposite the Infirmary). Established twenty-five years.

## ON THE PRICE OF MEAT.

[BY AN OLD FOGIE.]

I HAVE taken to buying my own meat lately, and am quite learned in the prices of legs, loins, ribs, and sirloins. In Australia I used to kill my own for the most part, but if I ever had to buy any, it was so cheap that I never troubled myself at all about the price. There, as well as I remember, for about half a crown one could purchase the carcase of a sheep or a leg of beef, and I hear that prices have not increased very much since. At present, if I purchase a leg of mutton it costs me about seven or eight shillings, or at the rate of a shilling a pound, and it is generally consumed something in this fashion:—

Mrs. Clarkson .. .. .	2½ lbs.
The Slavey .. .. .	1½ lbs.
The Cat .. .. .	1 lb.
Self .. .. .	2 lbs.
Bone .. .. .	1 lb.
	—8 lbs.

At this rate it generally lasts me about ten days, unless it goes bad or gets thrown out of window, which sometimes happens. Now, if I had only to consider the 2 lbs. which, according to the above computation, I consume myself, the price would not matter very much, as, for instance—

2 lbs. of meat at 1s. .. .	2s. 0d.
2 lbs. of meat at 9d. .. .	1s. 7d.
Difference .. .	—5d.

But when I take into account Mrs. Clarkson, her slavey, and cat, the difference becomes serious—

8 lbs. of meat at 1s. .. .	8s. 0d.
8 lbs. of meat at 9d. .. .	6s. 4d.
Difference .. .	—1s. 8d.

Now, fivepence is nothing, and it would be ridiculous to talk about it, but one and eightpence is an important sum, so that my domestic circumstances compel me to study the price of meat. Having these responsibilities upon me, I have set myself to inquire into the question with all the earnestness which might be displayed by a married man with a large family. It is good for every man to have responsibilities of some kind upon him, and mine consist, as aforesaid, of my landlady, her cat, and slavey. In their interest, therefore, I have set myself to work puzzling over statistics and figures, which will have no interest for the reader, and I have discovered that the butchers who sell meat at a shilling a pound make rather more than cent per cent profit on the transaction. I am writing seriously now, though with a secret joy that I, a bachelor, have made this discovery. I cannot help reflecting that when, through my revelations, the eyes of the public shall be opened to the way in which they are swindled, it is to the habits of my landlady, her cat, and slavey they will be indebted for the boon. I am not in my own person a large consumer of meat, but it certainly seems to me to be unfitting that a butcher should make such a large profit as a hundred per cent. If I were to go into the butchering trade myself, having had some experience therein, I am quite sure that I should be content with more modest returns, say fifty per cent or thereabouts. I should sell all my best joints at ninepence, or the very best, say, at ninepence halfpenny, and so by a descending scale down to fivepence or sixpence, which used, by-the-by, to be the maximum price of meat in England in my own recollection. I can remember, too, when oysters were tenpence a score, not your great course Americans or insipid Dutch, but real luscious, toothsome natives—but this is a degeneration which must be pardoned in a garrulous old fogie. With regard to the oysters, the increased price, however regretted, may be justified. Not so with meat. The statistics and calculations with regard to this subject are as follows\* from which it will appear that, as I have said, most of the butchers are now making a profit of more than a hundred per cent. Why the public are so silly as to submit to this

\* We omit these explanations.—ED.

extortion, it would be hard to say. I believe that it is by the people without responsibilities that the butchers' prices are kept up.\* If every one had as large an establishment as I have to keep up, and a small income to do it with, the price of meat would fall very soon. When I speak of the price, mind you, I mean the fashionable price, for, as a matter of fact, as good meat can be bought for from sixpence to ninepence per pound as people are in the habit of buying at ninepence to a shilling. The thing, therefore, is not that cheap meat is scarce, but that it is unfashionable. A Liverpool firm are importing the best of meat, as good in every way as that sold in English markets, which can be sold for a little more than sixpence a pound. An excellent butcher, dwelling in Stretford Road, whose shop is known to me, advertises that he can sell beef and mutton of the best quality at an average price of about eightpence a pound for cash. My statistics inform me that even these prices leave a large margin for profit in experienced hands. Do the fashionable and dear butchers mean to tell us that the extra fourpence is swallowed up by the necessity of giving credit? They can hardly expect us to believe that. It seems to me that all which we poor people with responsibilities have to do is to make a dead set against the fashionable prices. If we were only clearly to understand that out of every shilling paid to the butcher at present prices at least sixpence is clear profit, we should probably shrink from the absurdity of patronising dear meat because it is fashionable. I can only say that unless the cat and slavey are to starve, which I do not desire, I cannot afford any more to pay a shilling a pound for meat. Ninepence shall be the limit in future, and that is dear enough.

## THE POLICE AND "WAX FIGGERS."

CAPTAIN PALIN, we should think, will not be over well pleased when he hears of the exploits performed by the police during his absence. The deputy-chief constable, Mr. Irwin, is doubtless an excellent and zealous officer, but zeal, when untempered by discretion, is apt to overrun the mark, and bring the exhibitor into disrepute, if not into ridicule. The "raid" just made on a waxwork exhibition in Oxford Street is a case in point. Of the nature of the exhibition which the defendant was charged with keeping we know absolutely nothing, except what we have gathered from the published police report. If the police are to be believed—and they ought to know, for they have been cognisant of the matter for many months, and have had many personal opportunities of judging—if we say the police are to be believed, the show must have been an immodest one; and not having seen it ourselves, we are bound to take the word of the police for it. We would ask, however, firstly, how it is that, being long ago aware and convinced that this entertainment was a naughty one, the police did not long ago take proper measures for having it shut up? Ill-natured people will, perhaps, say that the authorities have reasons of their own for winking at concerns of this kind, and that it was only the desire of a newly-appointed deputy to get his name up in the absence of his chief which prompted the raid. We do not believe this, but would ask, next, whether a force of fifty policemen was absolutely required for the purpose of apprehending a Frenchman and his wife, a boy, five ballet-girls, and a couple of dozen, or less, of peaceable members of the public? We would next ask whether the police were justified in marching these peaceable persons through the streets like convicted felons? We would ask, again, whether the whole affair was worth all the ridiculous ceremony that was made over it? And we would, lastly, ask whether there are not a number of far worse dens of infamy in the immediate neighbourhood which the police might not have better selected if they wanted to display their activity?

Taken all round the affair is by no means a creditable one to the police, and is going far to make a scandal in the city. Here is a person who is permitted for months to do a certain thing under the patronage of the police, there being usually a policeman at the door, and two or three inside. He is suddenly pounced upon and fined. Here are five wretched

**KNITTING MACHINES, BICYCLES, SEWING MACHINES,** exchanged if not approved. **GREATEST REDUCTION FOR CASH.**  
2s. 6d. per week. **W. HARRISON, 128, Portland Street, Manchester.**



ballet-girls hired to earn their living in a melancholy way, but quite unaware that they are doing wrong. These poor creatures are fined in what to them are large sums, it being evident enough that the money taken from them will only be replaced in one terrible way. Here are members of the public, who probably seeing a policeman at the door took him as a guarantee of the respectability of the establishment. They are marched ignominiously off, dragged before the magistrates, and dismissed, because there is no case against them. There might be found plenty of cases in which such courses might be justified on the score of public morality, but the present does not seem to us to be one of them. Places like the waxwork in Oxford Street might easily be shut by a word of warning without any such display at all, in which case the police would be able to bottle up their energy and expend it on the suppression of haunts which at present exist unmolested.

### REJECTED CONTRIBUTION.

#### AN AUTUMN PRIMROSE.

THE trees were bending to the gale,  
And tossed their boughs in grim rows,  
I came upon a flow'et pale—  
Upon my life, a primrose.  
Among some sticks it grew,  
Its leaves half out of view—  
A dingy sort of spot  
For primrose, was it not?  
It set me thinking, did this plant;  
I love on nature to decant.

The autumn sun had dimly set,  
Which on that morning dim rose;  
The evening was both cold and wet  
On which I saw that primrose.  
Could I believe my eyes?  
It caused in me surprise  
To see a primrose grow  
At such a time, you know.  
It made me ponder, did this herb—  
To ponder is my favourite verb.

Then, as I pondered, on the air  
A thrush's evening hymn rose;  
It was a thrush—I do declare,  
'Twas singing to the primrose.  
Upon a branch on high  
It piped a tune, while I,  
'Twixt flower and singing bird,  
One seen, the other heard,  
In such unseasonable clime,  
Felt quite knocked out of time.

The babble of the turbid stream,  
Where little fishes swim, rose;  
I felt inclined to stay, and dream  
Of bird, and brook, and primrose.  
Alas! the night was cold,  
And I am getting old;  
Go, primrose, brook, and bird!  
I won't be so absurd,  
However much inclined for the ecstasies,  
As risk another dose of the rheumatics.

### HOW WE ARE POISONED!

THE returns of bad provisions seized in the Manchester markets shows that during the twelve months ending August 31st, there have been seized of meat, 37,654lbs.; poultry, 1,562 head; fish, 66,461lbs.; shell-fish, 3,084 bushels; 306 lobsters, 352 crabs, 626 quarts of shrimps, 327 quarts of prawns, 10 bags of walnuts, 2,412lbs. of pears, 560lbs. of apples, 326lbs. of grapes, 540lbs. of plums, 4,358lbs. of potatoes, and 11 sacks of peas have also been condemned. This is all very well as far as it goes, but the report from which we quote is fain to allow that a much larger quantity of bad provisions than this has not been seized at all, but has found its way into the stomachs of the public. There have been seventeen cases of prosecution for selling bad food, followed by sixteen con-

victions, the failure of the seventeenth being owing to the fact that the latest edition of the "Public Health Act" omits all mention of butter and eggs as "food." From this we may gather, at least, one consoling fact—namely, that the digestive organs of the public generally must be in a very strong condition, for as far as our own experience goes there is nothing easier of detection in the mouth than a bad egg or bad butter. Vast quantities, however, of bad eggs, and tons of bad butter, must be devoured as is evident enough, and that not only by the poorer classes. It is curious that a law so mysteriously fenced by all sorts of technicalities should have omitted all reference to such common and simple matters as eggs and butter, but laws would seem in these days to be made rather for the benefit of the lawyers than of the public. It is refreshing, however, to learn that a remedy against rotten eggs lies in an action in the county court—a form of compensation which is warranted not to cost the litigant more than £20.

### RELIEF FOR THE BULGARIANS.

MANCHESTER people having taken a kindly interest in this subject, it may be well to suggest that though the public agitation in England has to a certain extent subsided, the need for help is only just beginning. The Turkish officials had undoubtedly been shamed into doing something, in a half-hearted, dilatory fashion, for the sufferers in the Christian provinces, and foreign charitable aid has also done something; but the winter is already invading those thousands of helpless ones, and in the event, which is almost certain, of a war between Turkey and Russia, Turkish officialism will not only be paralysed for want of means, but will find all its interest absorbed in the life or death struggle with a powerful enemy. Under these circumstances funds will be more needed than ever in Bulgaria and the adjacent countries, and the channels through which they are sent will be a guarantee for faithful expenditure. It will not do for us to plead that these poor people are too far away, or that we have nothing to do with them. If we had never heard of their needs they might have perished of cold and want, and no one could have blamed us. But knowing of their necessities, which make very interesting reading in the daily papers, and being as a nation more or less mixed up in the fate which has overtaken them, we are bound to help. Subscription lists are open at all the Manchester banks.

### THE HATTERS' CEMETERY.

THE luxury of drowning oneself in warm water seems to be one which is extensively prized. Another case of suicide has occurred in the "lodge" near Bury, which goes by the name of the Hatters' Cemetery. This is the sixtieth case in the last few years. The water in this "lodge" is warm, a fact which is said to account for the number of suicides committed there. This is a refinement in the practice of self-destruction which presents a curious puzzle. If it is a fact that persons, who would be afraid to drown themselves in cold water, are more courageous in their attempts when the water is warm, it is all the more disgrace to Lord Derby, or to the tenant of the property—for there is a dispute as to the responsibility—that this pool of warm water should remain as a temptation to persons who are inclined to make away with themselves. In a former article on this subject we stated that the coroner had written to Lord Lerby on this subject, our authority being a report of an inquest. It now appears that the coroner has not yet written, but "fully intends to write." The enclosing of the fatal spot would only cost a matter of a few pounds, and would probably save many lives. It is quite possible that the state of mind which would not quail at a comparatively comfortable death by immersion in warm water might be changed by contemplating the shock of the cold element. It is a disgrace to any civilised man, who has plenty of money, that he should by callousness smooth the way to death for people who may probably have already sufficient inducement, without the courage, to make the plunge.

**LAIRITZ'S FIR WOOL OIL.**—The MARCHIONESS of WESTMINSTER bears testimony to the great efficacy of Lairitz's Fir Wool Oil. For the cure of Rheumatism, Tic, Neuralgia, etc. Sold by L. BEAVER, 37, Cross Street, Manchester, and all chemists, in bottles from 1s. 1½d. upwards.

# JACKDAW



## AMUSEMENTS.

PRINCE'S.—SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16th, OPENING NIGHT  
OF "SINDBAD."

G E R M A N F A I R .  
WHAITE'S,  
BRIDGE STREET, MANCHESTER.

WITHINGTON AND DIDSBURY SKATING RINK,  
finest in England, will OPEN in the course of This Month. Date in future  
advertisement.  
18, King Street. G. H. LARMUTH, Secretary.

COOKE'S ROYAL CIRCUS, PETER STREET, MANCHESTER.  
Open Every Evening at Seven, commencing at Half-past Seven.  
Monday, December 11th, Grand Production of the Old English Legend,  
LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD,  
With all the incidents connected with that good old-fashioned story, performed by a host  
of Beautiful Little Children.  
Preceded and followed by Cooke's Celebrated Equestrian Troupe.  
First Grand Special Midday Performance of Red Riding Hood, Tuesday, December 12th,  
at Two o'clock.  
Day Performances every Tuesday and Saturday.

MACCABE.—FREE-TRADE HALL ASSEMBLY ROOM.—For a  
short season only. Monday next, December 11, and following evenings, at eight.  
Matinee, Saturday, at 2.30. The public of Manchester is respectfully informed that the  
eminent Musical Trouvère, Pianist, Character Delineator, and Vocal Illusionist,  
FREDERICK MACCABE,  
will resume his entertainment known throughout the kingdom as  
BEGONE DULL CARE,  
interspersed with Music, Ventriloquism, and Special Character Delineations of the most  
peculiar and extraordinary individuality never presented by any single performer in the  
world. Mr. MacCabe experiences great pleasure in once more returning to the scene of his  
early triumphs and the vicinity in which he so thoroughly and satisfactorily established his  
reputation in Manchester as a public entertainer by a continued and uninterrupted season  
of seven months at the Free Trade Hall Assembly-room, in 1871, when he succeeded in  
drawing together during that period assemblages of fashion, intellect and wealth, altogether  
unequalled by any similar entertainment, it may be said, in the world. Reserved Seats  
(registered), 2s.; Unreserved, 1s.; Admission, 1s.; Juveniles under twelve, half price.  
Ticket office, Free Trade Hall, open daily from eleven till four. Doors open at 7.30;  
entertainment to commence at eight. JOHN F. SUTTON, Business Manager.

ONE HALFPENNY WEEKLY.—"JOSHUA'S HAWPNY JOURNAL,"  
A Weekly Magazine. A new and original Lancashire story, entitled "FAMILY  
LINKS," by Chewwhinter, author of "Sotterday meet; or, Joshua, thou'rt fuddlet agen;"  
"Sunday mornin'" and other Lancashire pieces. May be had of G. Henshaw, Bellhouse  
Street, all newsagents and street boys. Published by John Heywood, Deansgate, Manchester.

OLD CHINA, BRONZES, &c.—Messrs. GRUNDY & SMITH  
Invite Inspection of a Collection of  
OBJECTS D'ART AND DECORATION.  
This very carefully-selected collection of WORKS OF ART comprises Bronzes, Porphyry, &c.  
Choice Specimens of SEVRES,  
And a Remarkable Assemblage of ORIENTAL CERAMIC WARES,  
Which has been formed for Exhibition, and is NOW OPEN, for a limited period, from  
Ten to Four o'clock. Admission on presentation of card.  
4, Exchange Street.

SCIENCE LECTURES FOR THE PEOPLE.—EIGHTH SERIES,  
in the New, More Central, and Spacious LECTURE HALL of the Young Men's  
Christian Association, PETER STREET, as follows:—

Tuesday, December 12 (last lecture of the series),  
A COURSE OF THREE LECTURES by Professor W. C. WILLIAMSON, F.R.S.  
Subject: "Life on the earth."

Doors open at seven o'clock, the lectures commencing at eight. Subscribers' tickets for  
the series, numbered and reserved, are now ready, and may be had from the undersigned,  
One Guinea each.  
57, King Street, Manchester, October 9, 1878. JOSEPH LUNT.

## WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

**T**HAT the staple dish at the Caledonian dinner on St. Andrew's Day,  
was brose and butter—the latter supplied by the Mayor.

That after the dinner, a Scotchman, balancing himself with a latch-key  
against a lamp-post in Mosley Street, was heard singing "Loch-na-gar!  
no more!"

That next morning his song was:

"I goed a waefu' gate yest'reen  
A gate I'm sure I dearly rue."

That a Sassenach reporter who was present at the dinner declares his  
belief that the chief ingredients of the haggis were pepper and whiskey.

That Mr. Malcolm Ross's speech was as broad as it was long, and,  
too much of both.

That the raid on the *Tableaux Vivants* has brought some D'Are things  
to light.

That the spectators waxed wrath when they were arrested.

That when Mr. Fox Turner brings the matter before the Council it is  
to be hoped he will not indulge in one of his old quotations, "I have been  
there and still would go."

That the police are projecting a raid on the Manchester Royal Insti-  
tution unless Hercules is put into unmentionables and Omphale into  
petticoats.

That Supt. Gee will be especially told off as pantomime director, and  
will be assisted by fifty able-bodied policemen.

That the attention of the force in future is to be entirely withdrawn  
from the doings of burglars and other law breakers.

That if the smoke inspectors are bound to give notice to the smoke  
makers when they propose to prosecute them, the smoke nuisance is likely  
to be succeeded by the nuisance of tips.

That it's not true that Mr. Hugh Birley, M.P., intends to resign his  
position at the Infirmary, owing to his recent ignominious defeats.

## MISS BECKER ON DANCING.

**M**ANCHESTER possesses in Miss Becker a lady whose accomplish-  
ments are as varied as they are excellent. Miss Becker can lead  
the forlorn hope of the ladies—we hope to victory—in the direction of  
women's rights. She is a most estimable member of the School Board;  
few men can talk like her, and her latest achievement deserves more than  
ordinary publicity. On Saturday night last, the sewing machine employes  
in connection with the recently-formed association in this city held a  
soirée and ball, and Miss Becker very kindly consented to take part in  
the proceedings—mark the distinction—of the meeting, which was sand-  
wiched between. Nobody had ever dreamt of asking Miss Becker to take  
part in the ball, but she was not to be deprived of the opportunity of  
having a hop, notwithstanding, all to herself. In the course of the  
meeting, after Mr. Malcolm Macleod, the chairman, Mr. J. D. Prior, and  
Miss Brown, of London, had had their say, Miss Becker proceeded to  
speak on the advantages of union. She made out a good case for the  
sewing machine hands—who we heartily wish success to—and then, in  
the way of variety, dashed out a little in a domestic vein. "What would  
men and women do without unionism?" Coming from Miss Becker, this  
question was unanswerable; and the fair girls who were listening echoed  
back, "What?" To cap the matter, Miss Becker carried her argument a  
little further. "Without unionism, what would dancing be?" And here  
she gracefully turned round to the chairman, executed what looked un-  
commonly like a minuet—in response to which Mr. Macleod did a break-  
down—and then she exclaimed, with all the fervour of a thorough-going  
ballroom habitué, "Why, it would be spiritless and uninteresting." At  
this stage of her speech the enthusiasm of the sewing machine hands  
became uncontrollable, and chairman, Miss Becker, Mr. Prior, and every-  
body present rushed madly into the centre of the hall—the Grosvenor  
Street Temperance Hall—and indulged "in the light fantastic toe" to  
their hearts' content.

"Gloria," 8 for 2s 6d. Best Havanna Cigars—really choice. Smokers' Requisites of every



## CAWS OF THE WEEK.

IT is matter for gratification that the police have at last suppressed the disgusting exhibition which has been for so long a time openly carried on in Oxford Street under the title of *tableaux vivants*. Some people may ask, as has been asked many a time, why the police have not taken judicial notice of it long ago; but we are inclined rather to be thankful for the deferred mercy than to chide the police for their negligence, in the hope that this is only the commencement of the thorough cleansing of the popular thoroughfare of its glaring impurities. The deputy-chief constable might profitably keep the fifty constables, who assisted him on Saturday night, at work for a fortnight in Oxford Street and its byeways. In the words of an advertisement which meets our eye every morning, we should like to ask, "Have you seen the Argyle," Captain Irwin? If you have not, look in some night, and see what goes on there.

It is rumoured that another prosecution of a desirable nature is contemplated. We are told that the police have discovered that betting is carried on extensively at a well-known hotel near the post office; that it is, in fact, the headquarters of the betting fraternity, and that a raid is being organised. We can well believe that this discovery has been made, because it has been a matter of public notoriety for many years; but we advise our readers to receive the latter part of the rumour with reserve.

## CYDRADDOLDEB CREFYDDOL.

I DON'T know what this means, sir, and I am open to make a small bet that you are as ignorant as myself—at least on this point; but it seems to me to make a very good head line for this article, besides furnishing your readers with a conundrum which may profitably or unprofitably occupy them during one of their long evenings. Still it has some connection, I believe, with my subject, for it headed the lucid announcement which you put into my hand the other night. It was with a very knowing air that you put the paper into my hand and requested me, without a word of explanation, to "attend to that." This, sir, is what you asked me to attend to: "Cynhelir Cyfarfod Cyhoeddus o Gyfeillion sydd o blaid Dadgysylltu yr Eglwys a'r Llywodraeth, yn y Chorlton Town Hall, Cavendish Street, All Saints, Dydd Mawrth, Rhag. 5, 1876." We have it on the authority of Mr. Freeman that no man can know everything, but it seems to me that you expect me at least to know every language under the sun. I had not the slightest idea what "Cynhelir Cyfarfod Cyhoeddus" meant, but I could understand "Chorlton Town Hall," and I had a glimmering of the signification of "Cymerir y Gadair am 7-30," and putting the two things together I decided to go to the Chorlton Town Hall at 7-30. I did so, and I found myself amongst such an assembly of rough-bearded, muscular-looking men, with here and there a strong-looking woman or two, as I have never seen before. I couldn't understand a word of what was said, but when my next neighbour shouted "clue, clue" (or something like it), which he did with considerable animation, I thought that's the sort of man I want. It's just "clue, clue" I want, and accordingly I asked him for the "clue," but he answered me in such a mouthful of gutturals as to make me tremble; but he was kind enough to hand me a printed piece of paper which looked like a copy of resolutions, and I append it:—

PENDERFYNIAU.—1. Fod y Cyfarfod yma, yr hwn sydd yn cynnrychioli y Cymry sydd yn preswyllo yn Manchester a Salford, o'r farn y dyliad dadgysylltu a diwaddoli Eglwys Sefydledig Lloegr a Chymru. 2. Fod i'r boneddigion canlynol fod yn Bwyllgor i furfio ac argymhell y Cymry i gynnorthwyo Cymdeithas Rhyddhad Crefydd. 3. Fed diolchgarweh y Cyfarfod hwn i'r gyflwyno i'r Dirprwywyr, sef y Parch. Joseph Jones, y Parch. A. J. Parry, y Parch. Edward Davies, a Mr. J. Griffiths (Gohebydd), am ddyfod yma i'n cynnorthwyo yn y Cyfarfod presennol. 4. Fod diolchgarweh y Cyfarfod hwn i gael ei roddi i'r Cadeirydd am lywyddu y Cyfarfod.

"Penderfyniadau" I concluded had some reference to "Finny Haddie," and there were some queer fish in the room, but I saw none of this

description. I thought at one time it was a missionary meeting, but there was one damning fact against that supposition—there was no collection. Then I wondered whether it was a disestablishment meeting, but there was an equally fatal objection to that conclusion—there was no disturbance. It couldn't have been an eisteddfod because there was no music, although there was no lack of bards in mufti; and at last I tossed up whether it was an Eastern or a meeting of one of those secret societies of which Lord Beaconsfield is so much afraid, and the latter won. Accordingly I left the room and gave information to the police, and it may be that Captain Irwin and his bold constables made a raid upon the place, and that in a day or two we shall hear that Mr. Headlam has ordered the "figures" on the platform, which formed the chief attraction, and the representation of the late Mr. Alderman Clarke, which was hung behind them, to be boiled down.

[Our young man is an egregious ass. The meeting which he attended was an enthusiastic assembly of Welshmen on the subject of disestablishment, and he will find a translation of the resolutions in the *Examiner* of the following morning. The only "boiling down" we have heard of has been that done by the reporter for the *Examiner*, who apparently did not understand Welsh, and was therefore obliged to give a very short report.]

## RAILWAY SLEEPING CARRIAGES.

TIME out of mind—if such an expression can be used in connection with the railway epoch—these have been an institution on American railways, and on the Continental lines they have been in use for a good many years. It seems to be the fault of the English genius that, though inventive, it has not the perfecting faculty to any great degree. We invent all sorts of things and then leave other nations to improve upon them, being slow to accept the improvements at all, and then only receiving them as foreign innovations. That sleeping carriages are an improvement and a boon in railway travelling it is hardly necessary to argue, yet we have done without them contentedly enough for a great number of years, going to sleep in ordinary carriages, cramping our limbs, and bumping our heads against all sorts of sharp angles, protuberances, and hard boards. There is nothing more miserable than sleeping, or trying to sleep, in an ordinary carriage, and yet it is what hundreds of us are put to continually; and however long the journey may be, we swallow the inconvenience. The London and North-Western Company have earned the thanks of the travelling community by adopting the experiment of putting sleeping carriages on some of their trains between Manchester and London. The distance is quite sufficient to provide an adequate test, and there is no doubt that this beginning will afford ground for extending the boon. At present the arrangement is simply this. When you intend to travel you send word by telegraph, or otherwise, to the superintendent at the station that you wish to use a sleeping carriage, and you pay a small extra fee with your ticket. In the saloon carriage the guard shows you your bedroom, fitted with every appliance for warmth and comfort, and you tell the guard at what hour you would like to be called on arriving at London. As soon as the train arrives the carriage is shunted on to a siding, and you can take as much sleep as you would in your bedroom at home, or you can, if you like, get up at once. All you have to do is to tell the guard, who is an efficient and obliging chambermaid. The carriages are fitted with lavatories, so that you can do your toilet before breakfast, which meal can be had at the refreshment rooms at any hour after half-past eight in the morning. In this way almost every inconvenience to which the night traveller is subject is practically obviated. The sensation, too, of sleeping in a railway carriage hung on good springs is by no means an unpleasant one, and in various ways the noise is reduced to a minimum. The expense is by no means great to those who are accustomed to travel first class; and even to those who are not, the extra comfort would on occasion be worth the expenditure of the few extra shillings. Besides the provision of the sleeping saloons, the London and North-Western Company have organised a special service of through trains between Manchester and Birmingham, Liverpool, Chester, and Scotland, which will be most acceptable to travellers. The journey between Manchester and London can now be done in four hours and three quarters.

description, at 66, Market Street, and 32, Victoria Street.—T. R. WITHECOMB, Proprietor.

## NOTES IN THE SALFORD COUNCIL.

**I**F the Corporation officials are to have beer to dinner, by all means let it be bought where it can be got cheapest; but this beer question raises a curious point. These dinners are provided at a considerable loss; the Corporation are not successful restaurateurs in a pecuniary sense, and the deficit is made up from the rates. Tectotal ratepayers may object that their money should be spent in support of an institution to which they have conscientious objection; and the wonder is that our lynx-eyed contemporary, the *Alliance News*, has not called attention to the matter ere this. That was not a very edifying nor dignified discussion about the Health Committee and the Building Committee. Whilst his opponents were accusing him of personal attacks, instead of replying to his argument; they showed their own purity by imputing to him unworthy personal motives in bringing forward a perfectly fair subject for debate. Mr. McKerrow, however, if he felt hurt at what was said, would find ample compensation in the support of the Mayor, and the rebuke which his worship administered to his accusers in the declaration that both the Council and the public would thank him for bringing the matter forward. The discussion will bear good fruit if it leads to the prevention of building dwelling-houses upon unhealthy foundations; and if what was said by the Mayor and others upon this point is true, some steps must of necessity be taken in this direction. Mr. Alderman Davies had a sympathetic audience when he tried to prove the healthiness of Salford. We have no reason to doubt what he said, and we expect forthwith to hear of a company being formed for the establishment of a winter residence for invalids somewhere on the banks of the Irwell, and within the borough, say, near to that health-giving depot on the Broughton side of Windsor Bridge. By the way, was there not some omission at the commencement of the Council meeting? Resolutions of condolence are sometimes passed by such bodies.

## THE INFIRMARY DEAD-LOCK.

**W**E do not know if the question of the removal of the Infirmary from Piccadilly is to be brought up annually, but if it is we should advise the speakers to be more careful, to remember many things which they have said before, and to try to say something which will make the assembled trustees forget what they have already said. Last year the directors were asked by Mr. Birley and Mr. Alderman Bennett to consent to the removal of the Infirmary from Piccadilly, because the poor, for which it was intended, no longer live near it. The *Jackdaw*, which has flown over Manchester on a special mission to see where and how the poor of Manchester live, remembers to have seen the habitations of perhaps a hundred thousand poor people in Ancoats, Oldham Road, and Angel Meadow, and does not remember any deserving poor near Rusholme or Manley Park, and so he cannot understand, in spite of the sanctimonious appeal of Mr. Bennett, that the Infirmary would be nearer the poor if removed three miles further from them.

This year the managers were more respectful to their audience, and came fortified with a report from a gentleman understood to be well qualified to give an opinion on the site and the building. Like an ancient inspector, he came to curse, and he blessed the site, though in unmeasured terms he condemned the foulness of the drains and many other sanitary arrangements. The trustees seem to have thought they could improve drains and let air into badly-ventilated rooms, and they perhaps had in their minds the fact that in this very sordid city, wholly given up to Mammon, as many think, we had better not part with the only pleasant spot in it, and voted that the Infirmary should remain where it is. The speaking could hardly have been more feeble. Mr. Birley, as usual, asked the audience to pass a resolution because he thought it right. Mr. Chadwick was about as eloquent as the corn-law repealer, who at a meeting said, "I canna speak, but here is a thousand pounds," for he

came to say what Mr. R. N. Philips, his partner, said last year, "If you want another infirmary, let us pay for it without touching the old one." Mr. Curtis, always dry, was sensible; and Mr. Oliver Heywood, who ought to have been a curate, does not improve in those qualities which would serve him in a contest for Salford. Dr. Morgan scolded, and Dr. Renaud protested. Among them rose Sir Joseph, the Town Clerk, to beseech them to do nothing rashly, and the trustees agreed. How Sir Joseph must have enjoyed a chance of speaking! To a man condemned to listen to unadorned eloquence so many days in the year as he has, it must have been a sort of holiday to get leave to play at skittles with the doctors and the Infirmary board as he did. The *Jackdaw* will not peek at Mr. O'Hanlon, but will plead as an excuse for want of manners the penury of his years, and hope for increase and improvement. Why should men have so little sense of the management of their fellows as to come before an audience, as the Infirmary board does, with statements too strong to be credited? They, for instance, tell us we must believe the building is radically bad, because the medical staff unanimously vote that it is so. Were they to say a majority of the medical staff, say three-fourths or two-thirds, held opinions adverse to the building, we might think the matter grave, and worthy of serious consideration; but unanimity among sixteen medical men on a public question almost tempts one to look with a shade of suspicion for a motive, and the medical staff would place themselves in a better light, and would further their own ends, by saying plainly they wish to have an infirmary near Owens College. John Bright once said in the House of Commons that when he found the Government and the front Opposition benches in accord on any question, he concluded it must be something peculiarly bad. The *Jackdaw* would not like to suggest that the opinions of this unanimous sixteen men have been biased by their inclinations. The staff might also have learned earlier that Manchester men might prefer to have their evidence as to the suitability of the building which they would have the audacity to weigh, and after having weighed the matter in their own minds, they might come to conclusions for or against removal on the merits of the case, while they might be inclined a little to resent the dictum of the unanimous sixteen.

## OLD ENGLISH BALLADS.—No. V.

**W**E have found the following charming little pastoral duett amongst the ancient manuscripts, which it is our proud privilege to publish for the benefit of an astonished and delighted world, under the title of "Old English Ballads," a heading we use because the majority of the pieces in the collection are written in ballad form, though there are several exceptions. We shall not waste time or space in commenting on the pastoral. Any person who is so grossly ignorant of the history of his native city as not to understand the verses at once, ought to be taken to the edge of the world and thrown over. We prefer to occupy a few lines in appealing to our readers—on whose gratitude we have an eternal claim—to support us against the rapacity and miserliness of the person who sits in the editorial chair in the *Jackdaw* office. Notwithstanding our representations, urged with a burning eloquence which might move a stone, this abandoned man—we desire to speak as respectfully as our feelings will permit—has not only again expressed his firm intention of not paying extra for the trifling refreshment we consume when engaged in the antiquarian researches necessary to the elucidation of the ballads, but has even insisted that in future when this duty calls us out of town we shall stop at a temperance hotel. We have no hesitation in saying that the man who could say this is dead to every feeling of humanity. We will expose him. Will it be believed that this person, who sets up the *Jackdaw* as a teacher of natural history, and is always inserting articles by a miserable sinner who calls himself a "Lover of Nature"—will it be believed, we say, that this editor actually refuses to subscribe to a fund which we are raising for the purpose of introducing and acclimatising on



our shores that useful and amusing creature, the crocodile? Is this consistent? Is it ingenious? No! several hundred thousand times, No! In the meantime, owing to the wretched pittance he doles out to us, our boots are in a dreadful state, our coat is falling to pieces in sections, and we are tormented by a thirst we have no means of quenching. Subscriptions left at the "Pig and Whistle" will be promptly fetched, and speedily liquidated.

COME, fly with me, in happier climes  
Together we will wander,  
And wait for more congenial times,  
When people have grown fonder  
Of us and our peculiar fads,  
And all the world's contented  
To be by petticoated Rads  
Most ably represented.

Fly with me, dear Lydia,  
To some far off region;  
Here they but deride us,  
And our woes are legion.

Ah, dearest Jacob! gladly I  
Would leave this weary bother,  
My soul is vexed sadly by  
Your weak and erring brother;  
But Jacob, dearest!—say no more—  
The thought is full of anguish—  
When we had left this barren shore  
I fear the cause would languish.  
No, my faithful Jacob,  
Duty proves the stronger;  
Though I like the tempting,  
Tempt me thus no longer.

Ah; cruel fair one, say not so,  
Nor speak to me of duty,  
I find that all is vain below  
But woman's love and beauty;  
It surely cannot be that you  
Prefer some other suitor  
To me, the faithful and the true,  
Who've been your guide and tutor.  
Lydia, you shall never  
Fly to distant islands  
With my hated rival  
Mister Peter Rylands.

Such words, good sir, I will not bear,  
They rouse my indignation,  
Though don't you think that I shall care  
For such an imputation;  
But, sir, if I should choose to go  
To some far distant islands,  
I'm quite at liberty, I trow,  
To fly with Peter Rylands.

Sir, I am disgusted. [Weeps.]  
Men are all deceivers;  
Oh, how weak are those  
Who in them are believers. [More weeps.]

*Chorus and universal breakdown.*

Away to some more peaceful shore  
We two will fly together,  
And for this women suffrage bore  
We'll care no more a feather;  
Our friends must do in future fights  
Without our strong assistance,  
We go where women have no rights,  
And school boards no existence.—*Chorus.*

### A BLOODY ASSIZE.

[BY A CROTCHETY PHILOSOPHER.]

THE last ten days have been favourable for Justice in Manchester, and as a result no less than three men are destined to be strangled. In two of the cases the evidence was only too clear against the culprits, as far as the actual commission of a deed of blood goes. There is no doubt at all that William Flanagan cut the throat of an unfortunate woman, whose life very likely had been equally vicious with his own. Flanagan appears to be one of those individuals who, in the cant of modern civilisation, may be described as having been born to be hung. In weariness of his own wicked life he tried to commit suicide several times, and at last com-

mitted the crime for which he will suffer death. A society which counts the gallows as one of its most cherished and honoured institutions, does logically in breeding and fattening such victims for the slaughter. It is the fashionable and civilised jargon to say that men who, like Flanagan, give way to vicious propensities, and are addicted to drink and bad ways generally, have only themselves to blame. For such, from time immemorial, civilisation prepares the gallows, and turns them off pleasantly with a complacent shrug. The hangman is a high priest of civilisation, and a sturdy champion of Christian Justice. Society, having erected and consecrated the gallows, deems it only as a matter of course that humanity in its intense perverseness should provide the requisite number of victims, so that the hangman should not be idle. It has been for many eyes an unwritten, though well-observed, law that the hangman should earn his salary, and this individual will shortly earn a treble fee in Manchester. The second case is that of a wretched person, whose intellect seems to have been upset by drink dispensed under protecting laws framed by a paternal government. He also qualified himself as a sop for the hangman by killing a woman. I would not envy the position of a jurymen in either of these cases, though the actual fact of killing is clear enough; but the third, that of W. Habron, sentenced to death on the charge of shooting a policeman, must be a peculiarly disagreeable one for any jurymen to look back upon. I do not wish to say anything which would pain any man, but it seems to me that a jurymen's position in any trial involving hanging must be a terrible and sickening one. More especially must this be so when the case is one of circumstantial evidence. The evidence against Habron was of such a character that either taking it entirely, or in separate items, an explanation might easily have been imagined compatible with innocence. The law, however, has a theory about circumstantial evidence which overrides logic in its eager panting after blood, and the jury, rightly enough as prescription goes, convicted the accused. Hence there are three men cooped up in cells till such time as the hangman shall find leisure to come and strangle them. I am a crotchety philosopher, and one of my crotchets is to object under all circumstances to the practice of hanging, or otherwise doing to death in cold blood a human being. It is to my mind horrible that a policeman should be shot in cold blood, but it is to my mind still more so that a man should be hanged for doing it, even on the most absolute evidence. It is an act of heathenish and most cruel vengeance, which seems to me to be unworthy of a community calling itself Christian, and Christianity apart, to serve no useful purpose whatever. This crotchet of mine is at the same time, I am glad to say, not peculiar to myself, and I have therefore the less hesitation in setting it forth; neither was it by reading Victor Hugo, Thackeray, Douglas Jerrold, and Dickens, that I have acquired this crotchet; but one is always glad to err against conventionality, if err one must, in good company. Conventionality and Civilisation for the next few days will be concocting and reading paragraphs about these wretched victims to the gallows Fetish; and then the ceremony, which is more abhorrent and ghastly than the Customs of Dahomey, will be celebrated by columns of telegraphic description throughout the country. We no longer hang men and women for stealing a loaf or a pair of boots, and we congratulate ourselves on that much progress, looking on past times with wonderment and horror. With such feelings hereafter shall Englishmen regard the time when the law was not as yet purged of blood. Then the gallows shall be regarded in museums by children, perhaps by our grandchildren, as a hideous but interesting relic of the barbarism of the nineteenth century.

THE *Jackdaw* has been considering all round the case of W. Habron, sentenced to death on suspicion of shooting a policeman, and has come to the conclusion that the evidence was such as he would be sorry to see any one hung on. The *Jackdaw* thinks that were the police to get up evidence always in such a loose fashion, and were juries always so easily convinced, no man's life would be safe. The petitions to the Home Secretary carry with them the *Jackdaw's* cordial approval.

**WORMALD'S Celebrated Gout & Rheumatic Mixture.**—For rheumatism and rheumatic gout, sciatica, neuralgia, tic douloureux, pains in the face and head, gives quick relief in the most violent cases, and speedily effects a cure. In bottles, 184d. and 2s. 6d., from chemists, or from the Proprietor, Shudehill.



## NOTES IN THE CITY COUNCIL.

THE new Mayor so far has won golden opinions from all classes of men, and from none more than those who have an interest in the curtailment of municipal proceedings. There have been two meetings of the Council since our last issue—one in General Purposes Committee, the other in full session; but the two together have not occupied more than an hour and a half of civic time. The first would have been shorter, but for a very full-throated utterance at the instance of Mr. Fox Turner against the enormities of the weekly board at the Infirmary, which he denounces as "the fashionable and clerical ring in Piccadilly." Mr. Fox Turner does well in holding the weekly board fast to their responsibility for suffering the drainage of the building to fall into the disgraceful condition in which it was found to be by Mr. Netten Radcliffe. There is nothing more remarkable in the controversy that has been going on concerning the Infirmary question than the success of the cuttle-fish device of shedding a cloud of ink amid which those whose neglect have made the hospital unhealthy have managed to elude search and conviction. Men less pachydermatous than the chairman of the board, which, assuming to protect and heal the poor sick has placed them in a poison-trap, might have been a little less obtrusive than they have been during the past few weeks. But we question whether Mr. Fox Turner does his cause much good by first throwing up his qualification as a trustee—though he thanks Heaven for that—and then complaining that no Dissenting minister is ever allowed to become a member of the ring. Mr. Turner knows very well that any Dissenting minister, or for the matter of that any coal-heaver, may become an Infirmary trustee by simply paying an adequate subscription. Probably he also knows that not more than one or two Dissenting ministers in Manchester could pay the requisite amount without pinching pecuniary sacrifice. It rests with well-to-do and public-spirited men like Mr. Fox Turner, not only to qualify as trustee, but by regular attendance at the weekly meetings to guard against the misdirection of the funds they subscribe, at the hands of a self-willed or headstrong clique. Mr. Turner's speech, which as pithy as it was witty, was marred by his besetting vice of bizarre and extravagant illustration; and though it was cheered when he concluded as we have never before heard a speech cheered in the Council, its inspiring effect was as fleeting and unsatisfactory after it had passed as the buoyancy temporarily induced by too profuse libations of champagne.

With the exception of one or two lively passages between the Town Clerk and Mr. Stewart on a point of order, and a useless triangular duel between Sir Joseph, Mr. Fox Turner, and Mr. Alderman Murray, on the subject of the Recorder's salary, the business of the Council on Wednesday was transacted in a business-like manner, which happily affords little material for notes. The city justices having recommended an increase of various salaries in the city gaol—rather sudden and considerable we must say, though doubtless well-earned—Mr. Stewart, who has a great faith in the effect of approaching elections in developing the economical instincts of his brethren, moved that the consideration of the proposal be postponed until the meeting before the November elections. He only found two supporters, Mr. Bright and Mr. Griffin, but he called for a division nevertheless, and when he was asked by the Town Clerk whether he really meant to divide he chose not to answer. The Town Clerk assuming that silence gave consent not to divide, was proceeding with the next order when Mr. Stewart again demanded a division, declaring roundly that the Town Clerk had no right to put him to the question as to whether his plainly-announced desires were *bonâ fide*. It is needless to add that the Town Clerk had no difficulty in proving that he was right, and Mr. Stewart was wrong upon the point of order. The second difficulty was raised by a dispute as to the amount of the Recorder's salary. As happens now at almost every city sessions, an appeal was made to the City Council for power to hold a second court—that is to say to pay counsel ten guineas a day for acting as deputy-judge to Mr. Recorder

West. It seems strange enough that a gentleman, who gets £500 a year as criminal judge for the city, should require an assistant every time he holds a gaol delivery. The Town Clerk assured the Council that the arrangement is economical. Might not the economy be carried a step further, so as to stop the Recorder altogether? May he soon be promoted!

## MRS. HENPECK'S HUMOURS.

[BY CLAUDE HENPECK, ESQ.]

## No. II.—A SUNDAY MORNING HUMOUR.

RUDE to him, Mr. Henpeck! rude to him! I am never rude to anybody if I can help it. *Why didn't I help it?* That's just like you, never considering what a woman has to do. If he thinks I was rude to him — *You are sure I was?* All I can say is that it was your own fault for bringing anybody to the house on a Saturday night. You knew very well what was going on. *I need not have been rude?* Now, I should like to know what I did. *I slammed the door in his face?* Well, I suppose your friend did not want to come into the kitchen where the baby was being washed. *I am always washing the baby?* And I should like to know what you would say if I didn't. *Nothing?* I know you wouldn't. I sometimes think you don't care at all for your own children. The idea of bringing a stranger here in all that muddle. *There is always a muddle?* That is the way you always talk lately. I am sure if it had been any other night of the week — *I can always be polite?* I hope so; but I find it very hard sometimes to keep up appearances; and then you must have supper. *Of course?* I don't see any of course about it; but you are so inconsiderate. *You were hungry?* That is just it, but you don't consider me. What is that? *I do not consider you?* If we were both to consider one another these things would not happen. *It is all my temper?* My temper, indeed! didn't you show temper enough last night? *You got what you wanted?* That is as much as to say that you don't get what you want without showing your temper; but no man ever said a more wicked thing, though I'm sure you don't mean it. The children are laughing at you; they know better. By-the-by, it is time for them to get ready for church. *You are sure Jones was very much annoyed?* So you must come back to that old grievance. *It is not an old one?* No, it is not, I am sure; it is the first time it has happened. *It has happened fifty times?* That shows that you ought not to bring people home on a Saturday night, though you contradict yourself in the same breath. *It is always the same?* You say that just because I happened not to have leisure to play the fine lady on Saturday night; but I give you fair warning — *There is never any excuse for rudeness?* I was not rude; but I give you fair warning — *I admitted it just now?* I did not admit it, only you take me up so. I give you fair warning — *You know what to expect without that?* Well, if you knew what to expect, why did you act so? But I give you fair warning — *I said that before?* Well, I might have said it before, but I will repeat it. I give you fair warning — *Six?* What do you mean by looking ridiculous, and saying "six"? But I give you — *You are not ridiculous?* Yes, you are, to talk in that way. But — *Never mind now?* Oh, yes; but you are here now, and I may not have the chance for days. I give you — *Rubbish?* You may consider anything I say to be rubbish, but I give you fair warning that the next time you bring anybody home on a Saturday night there will be no supper for them; put that in your pipe and smoke it. *It is full of tobacco already?* What, just half an hour before church time, and without changing your coat? I shall never hear the last of it, the people in the next pew are so particular. Let me entreat you, at all events, to change your coat. *You are not going to smoke at all?* There's a dear; I am so sorry about last night, for I did lose my temper a little, but it is not often. *Ahem!* Now you are laughing at me; but it is good of you not to smoke.

\* \* \* Owing to extreme pressure from advertisements, we have been compelled to hold over our Acoustic Column, etc.

**WORMALD'S COUGH SPECIFIC.**—The most agreeable and effectual remedy ever introduced for the cure of coughs, colds, bronchitis, and asthma. Sold by most chemists, in bottles, 13d. and 2s. 6d. each, or may be had direct from the Proprietor, Shudehill, Manchester.

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But self-cleaning bars alone will not produce an appreciable economy, so that there is no return for the outlay except the saving in labour.

But our **HENDERSON STOKER AND SELF-CLEANING BARS COMBINED** not only save labour, prevent the smoke being produced, save the expansion and contraction of the boiler plates from irregular firing, but what is of equal immediate importance, produces a saving of from £50 to £100 a year on each boiler fitted. We are unaware of any other stoker which has been proved to increase the amount of work a boiler can do. We have, however, many cases where, as at the Wigan Coal and Iron Company, two boilers do the work formerly done with difficulty by three.

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